

The Return of Zamamee and Yayap

by Warrior of Virtue

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Summary: Zamamee and Yayap survive Halo only to face the coming war against the Brutes.

1. Chapter 1

Greetings to all of my loyal readers. This is a Halo fic dedicated to two of my favorite characters. It also involves a theory I have. This starts shortly after Zamamee's battle with the Chief.

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo. Why do we even write these stupid things?

The Return of Zamamee and Yayap

Chapter1:Escape

Yayap had made it about a mile from the Pillar of Autumn when he started having second thoughts. 'Don't look back. You're free. You don't have to obey them anymore.' Yayap had been saying this to himself repeatedly for a while. No matter what he did, his mind kept drifting back to his commanding officer, the Elite known as Zuka 'Zamamee. He had always held a deep resentment for the Elites because they had more or less treated his species as garbage. However, while traveling with Zamamee, he'd developed a level of respect for him. He had almost started to think of him as an uncle. He and this Elite had been assigned to tracking and killing a human in special armor. In fact, the last time he had heard Zamamee's voice, he was on his way to ambush the human. Yayap suddenly had a vision of Zamamee, horribly wounded as the human looked down at him. The human readied his weapon, leveled it with Zamamee's head, andâ€¦ Yayap sharply jerked his ghost around and sped toward the Autumn. 'I must be out of my mind!'

Zamamee awoke to blinding pain. He struggled to remember what had happened. Suddenly it all came flying back to him. He remembered his plan to fight the human with a shade. He remembered hosing the

human's position with white-hot plasma fire. He remembered the elevator suddenly dropping. Then finally he remembered seeing two small blue balls of energy, followed by a massive blast of plasma. 'Plasma grenades.' After that, nothing. He wondered how he was still alive, and then noticed the wrecked shade. He saw that it had suffered a great deal of damage but the cockpit was still relatively intact. 'It must have shielded me.' He silently wondered if fate had arranged that as an act of mercy or as a curse. Had it not been for the shade, he would have died instantly, now he would die slowly, miserably. He rested his head and let his mind wander. As all beings do in their final moments, Zamamee looked back on his life. He had fought for many years in the Covenant, just as his father and grandfather before him. He was quickly elevated through the ranks, finally achieving the rank of Spec Ops Trooper. It suited him just fine because the Spec Ops were only sent on the most dangerous missions and he was the type of crazy who went for that sort of thing. He looked to his left and saw one of the Grunts who had assisted him in getting the shade onto the lift. It had taken the full force of the grenade. He doubted that it had even felt anything. He suddenly felt a pang of regret. He, like most of his people, had treated the Grunts as little more than slaves. Thinking of the Grunts quickly brought his mind to one in particular. His assistant, Yayap. He chuckled slightly at the memory. Yayap was unusual, even by Grunt standards. He remembered the reports in the med-bay about a group of Grunts insisting that he be taken from the human ship for medical treatment despite the fact that his injuries were fairly minor. Zamamee wasn't a fool. He knew Yayap and his squad had done that so they could get out of fighting. He originally had recruited Yayap as a punishment for his cowardice. But as time went by, he sort of began to think of him as the annoying little brother he never had. He remembered the maneuver at the human base. He had sent Yayap as a spy. The operation ended with Yayap holding him at gunpoint. At the time he had been murderous over the incident but looking back, he realized how much courage it must have taken the diminutive creature to stand up to him. And who could really blame him? Yayap had probably been taught from birth to hate the Elites. Add that to the Grunt's own experiences and Zamamee was surprised Yayap had let him live. He smiled at his recollections of the Grunt and wondered where he was. He then frowned when he remembered how much grief the Grunt must have suffered because of him. 'I deserve to die.' He closed his eyes and waited for death to take him when he suddenly heard a squishing sort of noise. His eyes shot open. He knew that sound. 'Oh Forerunners no. By the rings please no!' He looked up and sure enough, an Infection Form was slithering toward him. For the first time in his life, Zamamee felt true terror. He could barely move. He was helpless to fight off the squid like creature that was slithering toward him. He could give only let out a scream of terror as the creature landed on him. The Flood Form latched onto his neck and drove its penetrater into his spinal column. What Zamamee felt was pain beyond pain. He struggled and screamed as the creature did its foul work. Finally, he could feel unconsciousness start to take him. Zamamee lapsed into darkness. Truly believing and fearing that by the time he next awoke, he would be little more than a walking corpse. Little did he know, fate had other plans.

Yayap stormed through the engineering section of the Autumn, dodging flood, sentinels, and debris. If memory served, Zamamee said he would ambush the human at a nearby lift. He headed there as quickly as he could and came across a particularly gruesome site. There was evidence of a massive explosion. He quickly recognized the

work of a plasma grenade. He saw a wrecked shade, two dead Grunts, andâ€¦ "ZAMAMEE!" He quickly checked Zamamee's condition. His injuries were considerable. He was covered in burns. Parts of his armor had been welded onto his skin and two of his mandibles had been blown off. However, he was relieved when he realized he was still breathing. 'At least he's still alive.' Suddenly something dropped from the top of the shaft and landed on Yayap's shoulder causing him to nearly jump out of his skin. He threw it off and then, shakily, went to investigate it. As he'd suspected, it was an Infection Form. What surprised him was that it wasn't moving. He moved forward and gently nudged it with his weapon before jumping back. It didn't move. No doubt about it. It was dead. However, this didn't make sense. Normally when these things died, they popped. This one looked more like it just shriveled up. Yayap shook it off and went about helping Zamamee. He remembered that a launch pad was located in the ship's dorsal structure. "Don't worry buddy. We're getting out of here."

Yayap had used the lift to reach the upper area and then went about trying to use one of the human vehicles he found there. He had just picked a good one when he heard a garbled message come from its radio. "We have a (buzz) cat destabilization of the (buzz) fusion core (buzz) five minutes before (buzz) detonate." Yayap had heard enough. They had to move now! He finally got the vehicle working and drove them toward the far end of the ship. Along the way, he saw a massive battle taking place. Flood, Sentinels, and Covenant were tearing into each other all around them. Yayap, realizing how many Covenant were still on the ship, opened his com link to a fleet wide setting. "Attention all Covenant forces! The human ship is about to explode! Get as far away as possible!" He waited a moment and a voice he recognized as a Jackal's came over the line. "Who is this!" "This is Grunt Major Yayap. Please listen to me! I intercepted a human transmission saying that the ship will self-destruct!" He waited a moment but no further transmissions were made. "Damn it!" He floored it toward an access junction when the floor exploded sending the warthog flying into a hallway full of dead Flood. Yayap quickly regained his senses and examined the grisly scenery. "What a rush." He looked up and nearly soiled himself. The armored human was in the hall walking toward them. 'What do I do? WHAT DO I DO!' Just then Yayap thought of something. One concept shared by virtually every sentient being in the galaxy was that madness was to be avoided. If the human thought he was crazy he might leave him alone. The human was getting closer. He'd have to say something spontaneous to get out of this mess. The human was raising its weapon. Yayap said the first thing that popped into his head. "GOOD THING THAT FOOD NIPPLE'S WAITING FOR ME AT THE STARSHIP CAUSE MAN! HAVE I WORKED UP A BIG-GRUNTY-THIRST!" The human tilted its head slightly. Yayap couldn't see his face but he was pretty sure it held a look that said "WHAT THE HELL!". The human backed away slowly and headed out of the hall. 'I can't believe that worked.' Yayap headed back to the warthog and floored it to the pad. He arrived and was pleased to see a pair of banshees overhead. "HEY!" One of the craft landed and the pilot looked at Yayap with annoyance. "What is it?" "We have to get out of here! The ship's about to blow!" "WHAT!" He signaled his partner and the two quickly radioed a drop ship to pick them up. The ship appeared a few minutes later and they all abandoned the ship with just minutes to spare. Yayap looked out the cockpit shield and watched the human ship explode. He was surprised to see what happened next. The explosion tore a chunk out of the ring, which slammed into another region. The ring slowly tore itself apart. Yayap suppressed a

sob at the loss of one of the sacred rings and looked at Zamamee. 'I hope this works out okay, buddy.'

And there you go. I hope you like it. If not, it does get better, I promise. Please R+R.

2. Chapter 2

Hello again people. Many thanks to those who reviewed. I would reply but a certain group of people who you should know would cause me some problems. Oh well. And be advised that all your questions will be answered a little later.

The Return of Zamamee and Yayap

Chapter 2

Yayap watched the viewing screen which revealed the burning remains of Halo. He sighed and let his mind wander. It had been five hours since their escape from the ring world. They had been picked up by a cruiser called Righteous Fury. Zamamee had yet to regain consciousness. And to make matters worse, shortly after they were picked up, a human strike team captured their fleet's flagship, the Ascendant Justice. Normally a massive search for the rogue ship would be launched but they were under strict orders to secure the region until the holy city, High Charity, arrived. Overall, the atmosphere was a very gloomy one.

He was about to return to the med-bay when his com beeped. He then heard the voice of an Elite.

"Grunt Major Yayap, please report to the bridge." Yayap was a little surprised by this turn of events. Normally the leadership wouldn't even bother speaking to his kind. He shook it off and made his way to the bridge.

After about ten minutes of walking he found himself at the door to the bridge. He took a moment to compose himself and entered. The bridge was the same as every other one in fleet. A large room filled with navigation and weapon systems, each manned by a highly trained tech officer, and dominated by an elevated platform where the Shipmaster could survey the situation.

Many officers shot Yayap surprised glances but most continued their duty. Yayap made his way to the top of the platform and came face to face with an Elite in gold armor. The Shipmaster. Yayap bowed his head and said,

"You summoned me, Excellency?"

"No. We did."

The voice had come from the bridge's communications system. Suddenly three holographic figures appeared before him. They were ancient but one look in their eyes revealed limitless wisdom. They sat in hover chairs and wore flowing, regal robes and elaborate head dresses. Yayap couldn't believe his eyes. He had been summoned by the High Prophets of Truth, Mercy, and Regret! He collected himself and bowed honorably.

"Holy Ones! This is a true honor!"

"Calm your self little one. We have summoned you to tell us your tale."

"Great One?" Regret answered.

"We have been informed of the mission given to you and Zuka 'Zamamee. We believe you were the best ones to tell us howâ€¦." He paused for a moment. Understandable, it was a painful subject. "Do you now what events led to the destruction of the Sacred Ring?" Yayap spoke as evenly as he could.

"I will do my best but perhaps Lord Zamamee would be able to explain it better." Truth replied.

"Perhaps but we were told he is incapacitated at the moment and we're short of time. So it must be you." Yayap gulped.

"Yes Holy Ones." So Yayap told them everything. The battle on the human ship, his first encounter with Zamamee, their mission to hunt the armored human, the assault on the human base, excluding one or two details of course, their return to the human ship, and their escape from Halo. The Prophets listened intently. When he finished, Mercy spoke.

"Is this armored human the one responsible for Halo's destruction?"

" I can think of no one else who could've done it." The High Prophets fell into silent contemplation. Finally, Truth spoke out.

"Does this human have a name?"

"I have heard some humans call him Master Chief. Also, the few who have faced him and lived call him Demon." The Prophets deliberated for a moment before Truth finally spoke to him.

"You have done well Yayap. Through the efforts of you and Zamamee, we have identified a very real threat to our Covenant. You may go."

"Thank you my lords." With that, Yayap left the bridge and made his way back to the med-bay.

There you have it. I was going to make this longer but decided on making two chapters. Please R+R.

3. Chapter 3

My readers! I have returned with the next chapter. Now for my reviewers.

Hoboking: I've decided to take your advice. Screw the Admin!

Dune's Furl: Agreed. I hated the way they were just killed off in The Flood. Which is why I'm writing this.

lightman: I'll try to do this right.

Smelly poo: You're entitled to your opinion.

Avada88: Thank you for your kind words.

And now without further delay, I give youâ€¦

The Return of Zamamee and Yayap

Chapter 3

Zamamee was in darkness. Everywhere he looked was nothing but a void. That and a horrible stench.

"Where am I?" Then, the room slowly became illuminated. Zamamee looked around and was certain that his heart stopped for a moment. He was in a large cavern being illuminated by a dull light from the cave ceiling. But the thing that made him quiver in a mix of terror and revulsion was not the environment but the scenery. He was surrounded by corpses. Human and Covenant alike. He quickly realized that this was the source of the smell.

"What is this!" He got his answer soon enough. A strange squishing noise began echoing off the cave walls. He knew what was coming and began desperately searching for a weapon. After looting the bodies for a second, he came up with two plasma rifles and an energy sword. Each one, according to his HUD, was close to fully charged. After that he raised the rifles and waited. He didn't wait long. Infection forms poured out of every nook and cranny of the cavern. He immediately poured white hot plasma into the enemy ranks. Soon the shredded remains of hundreds of dead infection forms littered the cave floor but it was as if each time he killed one, five more would pop up to take its place. Zamamee fought with everything he had but knew that at this rate it was only a matter of time before he was overwhelmed. He glanced at his HUD and saw that both rifles were almost empty.

'When will it end!' Then, almost as if reading his mind, the creatures stopped. He looked up in amazement to see the creatures scurrying away from him. He heaved a sigh of relief but when he looked up it became a gasp of horror. The Flood weren't retreating, they had found easier prey. The pods descended on the corpses and burrowed into their chests. In moments, the bodies stood up and stared at him with soulless eyes as they violently mutated. Their flesh seemed to rot before his eyes. Their skin took on a greenish hue and tentacles erupted from various parts of their bodies. The combat forms approached him with murderous intent. Zamamee threw away the rifles in favor of his energy sword. The beasts let forth an un-holy screech which echoed throughout the cavern. Zamamee roared a battle cry in response. With that, the two sides charged. Zamamee stormed into their ranks and began slaughtering them with brutal efficiency. One combat form tried to attack him from above and was cleaved in half. Another slammed its tentacle of an arm into his back, cutting his shield in half. The creature quickly paid for its boldness. Zamamee continued battling the parasites and, slowly but surely, began thinning their ranks. Soon, only one combat form remained. Zamamee was about to finish it when the creature ignited an energy sword of its own.

"You've got to be kidding!" With that, he assumed a defensive stance. The Flood form screeched and charged him. The beast attempted a downward strike which Zamamee easily blocked, the two swords making an electric sound as they collided. Zamamee attempted an attack of his own but the Flood form nimbly dodged it. The Flood form began a series of small cries, almost like it was laughing at him. Zamamee growled and charged. What ensued was a whirling dance of blades. The two warriors slashed, parried, and dodged for what seemed like hours but in fact was only a few minutes. The Flood form attempted to behead him but Zamamee dodged and followed up with a slash that sliced his enemy's sword arm off. The creature stumbled back several feet. Zamamee couldn't help but smirk. The creature howled in frustration as a tentacle erupted from its stump of an arm before it launched one last assault. Zamamee ducked the blow and countered with an upward strike. The Flood form stared at him for a second before splitting right down the middle.

Zamamee calmed his nerves and looked around. Hundreds of dead Flood stared back. He couldn't help but feel a great deal of pride. Against overwhelming odds, he had emerged relatively unscathed. He chuckled slightly which grew into full blown, almost insane, laughter. He ended it with a roar of approval. But his celebration was cut short. Before he had a chance to think, a large tentacle came out of nowhere and grabbed him off the ground, knocking the sword from his grasp. He saw he was being lifted to the top of a crag. He came over it and came face to face with one of the most terrifying sites he had ever seen in his life. It was a Flood form but unlike any he had ever seen before. It vaguely resembled a plant the humans called a fly trap. It had thousands of tentacles emerging from its lower body. Also, every time it breathed, it exhaled the strange, greenish smoke often found in the Flood's presence. But its most notable feature was that it was gigantic! Fifty feet high at least! It stared at him for a moment and Zamamee could do nothing but wonder why it hadn't already killed him. But then, the creature did something that he had never seen a Flood form do. It spoke.

"Welcome to your grave." After that, the only sound in the cavern was Zamamee's terrified scream.

Zamamee awoke in a cold sweat. He clutched his chest and breathed deeply.

'What a nightmare.' He calmed down and took in his surroundings. He was in a well lit room with assorted medical equipment. The med-bay. Seeing nothing of interest, he tried to remember how he got there.

'Let's see. I remember waking up in the human ship. I was there for a few minutes beforeâ€¦' He suddenly jumped.

'The parasite!' He checked the area where it attacked him and felt a bandage.

'So that wasn't a dream. Then how did I survive?' He left that puzzle for later and examined his other injuries. Most of his body was bandaged. He felt around his head and felt even more bandages. But then he felt something. Or more specifically he didn't feel something. He searched one of the medical trays and found a mirror. He examined his face and his fears were confirmed. Both of his left mandibles were gone. He growled slightly and collapsed back onto his

bed.

'Now nothing's gonna taste right.' He was about to nod off again when he heard a slight beeping sound. He looked toward the door and saw it flashing just before it opened and in stepped an elite. It had a very slender build telling him it was female. Also, she was wearing wight armor which told him she was a medic. At the moment she was humming softly and examining a portable holo-projector. (AN: The sci-fi version of a clip board.) She deactivated the device and looked in his direction and suddenly looked shocked.

"Oh! You're awake." She got over whatever surprised her and smiled at him.

"I didn't think you'd wake up for a while. I have to let the little one know." Zamamee looked at her strangely.

"Little one?"

"The grunt that brought you here. He's hardly left your side. I've never seen such devotion in a grunt before. Let's see, I think his name was Yipyip orâ€|. "

"Yayap?"

"Yeah! That's it." Zamamee lied back and smiled. It was good to know his friend was alright and even better to know he cared.

"Okay! Time to change your bandages." Zamamee let her go about her work without complaint. She began peeling off his bandages and stopped.

"What theâ€|?" She pulled off more of his bandages and suddenly screamed.

"BY THE RINGS!" She started tearing off his bandages.

"What are youâ€|!" Before he could finish, she accidentally slammed his head into the wall in her haste.

"Will you be careful! I'm injured!" She backed away from him. She looked almost terrified.

"N-N-No you're not."

"What?" He looked at himself and his eyes shot open. His wounds wereâ€|.gone! Not even a scar.

"What in the name ofâ€|!" He looked up at her.

"How long have I been her?" Given his state of health, he expected her to say months.

"Just a few hours." That was a shock.

"But that's impossible!"

"Tell me about it! Considering the extent of your injuries, you should've been bed ridden for weeks!" He pondered for a moment but couldn't think of any thing else to say on the subject.

"Does this mean I can return to duty?"

"I guess so. But you will be subject to a thorough examination. We have to find out how this happened!" With that, Zamamee grabbed some clothes, bowed respectfully, and walked out into the hallway where he bumped into a very surprised Yayap.

"Lord Zamamee! You'reâ€|" His eyes shot open, "â€|better!"

"I'm as surprised as you are, little one."

"I'm glad to see you're okay."

"Indeed, Yayap. But perhaps you could tell me what has happened as of late?" Yayap sighed. He was happy to see Zamamee up and about but he was getting a little tired of telling the same story over and over.

"Let's find someplace to relax Zamamee. It's a long story."

And there you have it! I hope you enjoyed it. Please R+R!

4. Chapter 4

My loyal readers, I have returned!

Cruciatus88- This is embarrassing. I forgot you last chapter. Sorry. Thanks for reviewing.

Hoboking- My most loyal reviewer so far. Thank you.

Jimapalooza- Thanks for taking the time to review my humble piece of work.

Mudmag- Thanks for reviewing. Can't wait for the next chapter of your fic.

Jangol9999- Thanks for reviewing. As for your question, you'll find out soon enough.

Dave- Thank you! Not many readers leave a review per chapter. I'm glad you like it.

EvilRokrKeed- Thanks. I'll try not to disappoint you.

This one is quite long. And, regretfully, lacks the violence we all have come to know and love. That will come soon enough. I promise! Also, I'll be giving a proper introduction to two OCs in this chapter. I still haven't decided what I'm going to do with them so if anyone would like to make a suggestion, you're more than welcome.

And now with no further gilding the lily, I give youâ€|

The Return of Zamamee and Yayap

Chapter 4

Zamamee examined his surroundings. He was waiting in the main medical center of High Charity. The over all atmosphere was meant to be relaxing but it did little to calm his troubled mind. Six days had passed since the bloody war on Halo and the sting of defeat still clung to everyone's spirits. For now, he was preparing for the examination the medic had promised him. He couldn't shake a foreboding feeling about it. He felt a little childish for being afraid of the doctor but given the circumstances who could blame him? His injuries, potentially fatal wounds, had vanished in a matter of hours. Maybe less. How the Hell do you test something like that! There was no telling what they were going to do to him! He was snapped out of his thoughts by a light pat on the shoulder. He looked to his left and spotted Yayap. The Grunt, having sensed his friend's apprehension, had offered to accompany him. Zamamee smiled, or as best he could with his ruined mouth, and gave Yayap a gentle pat on the head. His presence was actually a big comfort. He never thought he'd see the day he'd look to a Grunt for strength. He sighed and continued waiting. Another problem facing him was that he was bored out of his mind. Zamamee was not a patient man and just sitting there for such a long time was driving him to the brink! He considered checking his PDA. (personal data assistant) Everyone in the Covenant had one. It held their personal information and could be used as in I.D. Also, the ones owned by soldiers could be used to receive detailed reports of any and all military action by Covenant forces. He'd turned the damn thing off days earlier. They had been getting nothing but bad news as of late. However, bored as he was, he was considering turning it back on. After a few moments deliberation, he flicked the on switch. As expected, the device was flooded with new logs. He picked a recent one and a recorded voice came through.

"We have recently received orders from the Prophet of Regret himself to prepare for a massive search of a recently discovered solar system. He says that there is reason to believe that an artifact related to the Great Journey is located there. He has called 35 fleets to rendezvous at the refit station Unyielding Hierophant. This is over 400 ships. Why we are deploying such a massive force is a mystery. To search one system of planets should only require a very small fleet. Ten to fifteen ships would be more than adequate. There are rumors that the reason we are using such a large force is that this system is close to or even part of the humans' territory. In my opinion, this is ridiculous. In every encounter with the humans, there has never been a record of them traveling anywhere near this region of space. Perhaps the hierarchs are growing paranoid, but then how can we comprehend their thinking. End log." Zamamee digested this information before checking a more recent entry. The same voice spoke out, only this time it sounded tired and devoid of life.

"Reports are still coming in. The Unyielding Hierophant has been destroyed. We cannot get completely accurate reports because the computer network suffered a critical systems failure shortly before the station exploded; at first we believed that this was the cause of the explosion. However, we have recently pieced together confirmed reports that a strike team of five humans, all matching the description of the Demon who attacked the Fleet of Particular Justice, infiltrated the station. Also, surviving ships reported that the rogue ship, Ascendant Justice, rammed into the station. The humans on board issued a challenge to the fleet. They claimed they possessed a sacred icon and even showed it to them. We now believe it was a forgery and we're certain it was a trap. Because of this maneuver, nearly the entire fleet was within blast radius of the

station. Only twelve cruisers and a handful of drop ships and seraphs survived. The death toll is catastrophic. It is estimated to be in the billions. Despite this, the Prophet of Regret has ordered that a second force be assembled. He says he will lead this one personally. (Sighs) I pray it turns out better than this operation. End log." Zamamee and Yayap were in shock. This was one of the biggest disasters in the history of the Covenant! However, one particular piece of information was stuck in their heads.

'Five? There's five of them?' This was bad. Very bad.

"Lord Zamamee!" His head shot up when he heard someone call his name. He looked to the door and saw a Grunt in white armor standing over the threshold.

"Come Yayap."

"Yes sir." They walked to the door where the Grunt greeted them.

"Right this way, my Lord." The Grunt had a soft voice and it was less squeaky than most Zamamee had heard. For this reason, he assumed it was female. His thoughts were interrupted by a surprised squeak from Yayap. He turned and saw that the medic was getting well within Yayap's personal space. He chuckled slightly.

'Definitely female.' The Grunt suddenly ran ahead of them.

"I have to tell the others to get ready. Just keep going straight. I'll be waiting at the door." With that, she ran down the hall as fast as she could.

"Come Yayap. We mustn't keep your "girlfriend" waiting." He laughed as Yayap's face turned blue.

"Oh shut up, Zamamee!" Zamamee just laughed harder and kept walking. What Yayap didn't tell him was that this had been happening pretty often as of late. Yayap was the first Grunt in the history of the Covenant to genuinely earn an Elite's respect. This had turned him into something of a hero among his people. While this did have its benefits, Yayap knew from experience that recognition could be a bad thing. In this case, every so often he'd notice a group of Jackals giving him the eye. It was no big secret that the Jackals despised the Grunts (needless to say, the feeling was mutual) and seeing one in good standing with an Elite was more than they could bear.

"Over here!" Yayap looked up to see the medic waving them toward a door. They walked in and were a little surprised to find themselves in a surgical center. Zamamee could feel his fear returning.

'This won't end well.' The room was filled with medical officers of varying species. One of whom led him to the operating bed in the center of the room. "Welcome!" He looked around for the one who spoke and was surprised to see the same Elite he'd met on board _Righteous Fury_ standing behind him.

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise." She smiled and directed him to sit on the side of the bed. "What are you doing here?"

"Since I'm the one who technically discovered your condition, I was

put in charge of studying it. My name's Mera Jasumee, by the way."

"Zuka Zamamee." They bowed their heads to each other before she started looking through the trays of medical instruments. Yayap, who had been standing next to Zamamee's bed, felt a tug on his shoulder. He turned to see the same Grunt who had greeted them at the door.

"I'm sorry but non-medical personnel have to wait outside." He was a bit shocked by this information.

"Butâ€|!"

"Do it, Yayap." H turned to look at Zamamee and was about to object but he cut him off. "Go on! I'll be fine." Yayap sighed and bowed his head.

"As you wish." With that, the two Grunts left the room. Jasumee found what she was looking for and turned to address the other medics.

"I'm happy to see that so many of you could make it. I am pleased to inform you that we are about to take part in what may very well be the medical discovery of the millennium! I present to you, my discovery!"

Outside, Yayap and the other medic were waiting for the examination to conclude. Yayap shot her a glance.

"Shouldn't you be inside with the others?"

"I have to make sure you don't sneak in. Besides, I can just review everyone else's notes." Yayap nodded and kept waiting. A few minutes of silence passed. "Umm, look, I'm sorry about earlier. Someone dared me to do it." He looked at her, puzzled. "You know, in the hallway?"

"Oh. It's all right. Really."

"I, uhâ€|guess we got off on the wrong foot so let's start over." She extended her hand. "Hello. My name is Anyaw." He accepted the handshake.

"Yayap. It's nice to meet you, Anyaw."

"Likewise." They fell silent for a moment. Yayap was very relieved by her apology. The last thing he needed was another love struck girl following him around. Not that she wasn't attractive. By Grunt standards she was a rather impressive specimen. But all the girls he'd seen lately were getting a bit clingy for his tastes. "Soâ€|" He was snapped out of his thoughts by her voice. "â€|is it true?"

"What do you mean?"

"Does he really consider you his equal?"

"Ohâ€|yeah. Of course the two of us have been through a lot together. And I sort of saved his lifeâ€|twice."

"Wow!"

"Yeah. He's a really nice guy actually. But he can be a little rough around the edges." She giggled.

"He sounds like a good friend."

"He's a great friend." She was about to speak when the moment was broken by a howl of agony. "What theâ€¦!" Yayap went to open the door but Anyaw stopped him.

"Don't worry. He'll be fine." Under her breath she added in a worried tone. "I think."

Zamamee clutched his shoulder. She'd stabbed him! She'd sliced his shoulder wide open with a scalpel! In a rage, he grabbed her, brought her face within an inch of his and roared, "ARE YOU INSANE!" to this, she simply and calmly asked one question.

"Does your shoulder still hurt?"

"Of course itâ€¦!" That was when he noticed that the receptors in his shoulder had stopped sending signals to his brain. "It doesn't." He released her and she took a cloth and began cleaning the blood off his shoulder. When it was gone, he could clearly see that his shoulder was completely healed. There was no cut, no scar, no physical evidence what so ever that the wound had ever been there. The other medics stared slack jawed for a moment before they began frantically typing into their holo-pads. He sat shocked for a moment before he said one word. "How?"

"I thought you'd never ask." She pulled out her holo-pad and an image of a DNA strand appeared. "This is from a blood sample I took from myself. It is the basic genetic code of an Elite. Every Elite has it." She typed something and a second DNA strand appeared. "This is from your blood." She typed some more and a scan program activated. It analyzed the two strands for a moment before the words INSUFFICIENT MATCH came up.

"How is that possible?"

"I can answer that. You see, after analyzing the data, I was able to identify the inconsistencies." A few spots on his DNA strand were highlighted. "After that, it was a matter of figuring out what it was. After an exhaustive examination I was able to conclude that this is the genetic material of a creature we have recently come into contact with." The highlighted portions of his DNA were removed and analyzed. Afterwards, a second scan program began a series of tests until the message MATCH FOUND appeared on the screen. The computer virtually constructed the animal. When it was complete, he could only stare in shock. It was a Flood Combat Form! "Shocking, huh? I spent the entire week trying to figure this one out. And after reading your reports, I think I know. You reported that when you fought the Demon, he attacked you with a pair of plasma grenades, correct?"

"Yes. It was probably blind luck that I survived."

"Well that luck must have held. Moving on, you also reported that shortly after regaining consciousness, you were attacked by a Flood Infection Form, is that right?"

"That's correct."

"Well I think I have the answer to the question of the day. The reason for your condition is that when you were caught in the grenade blast, you received a form of plasma poisoning."

"I've never heard of anything like that."

"It's not a common occurrence. Reason being, normally when you're hit with that much plasma, there's not much left to contract the condition."

"And the Flood?"

"I'm getting to that. You see, the way an Infection Form works is it uses a penetrator to latch on to the victim's spine and take control of their nervous system. From there, it alters their cellular and metabolic processes to transform them into a Combat Form or Carrier Form. However, because of the poisoning, your nervous system was a scrambled mess. So the Infection Form couldn't infect you properly. Also, in the time it took the Flood Form to realize this, your body had time to figure out what was attacking it, adapt to it, and finally, find a way to use it. Your body began absorbing the Flood Form's genetic material, likely killing it. This gave you several of the traits seen in a Combat Form. The most notable being you're regenerative powers." Zamamee digested this new information.

'Either I have every guardian spirit in the galaxy on my side or I'm the luckiest being in the entire universe!'

"So, any questions?"

"No. Nothing. I guess I'll be leaving now."

"I'm afraid I can't allow that just yet."

"What?"

"You see, I told the Prophets about my findings and the Prophet of Mercy wishes to know the full extent of your new abilities."

"Meaning?" At that, she wheeled out a tray filled with what, to him, could be described as torture devices. "Oh no."

Yayap and Anyaw had been waiting about two hours when the door finally opened. Zamamee staggered out, Jasumee half carrying him.

"Lord Zamamee!" Yayap ran up to his friend. "Are you alright?" Zamamee looked at him.

"Terrific. Any more stupid questions?" Yayap chuckled.

"Yep. You're alright."

And that was chapter four! Please read and review. Also, if you haven't already, read mudmag's fic, The Grunt that killed the Demon. You will laugh your ass off!

5. Chapter 5

Hello again people! I apologize for the delay but my computer was giving me Hell. Now for responses.

Hoboking-Already answered you so, yeah.

Spacefan- Not a bad idea.

Dumass44- Will do.

Theta-Alpha-One- Indeed.

Crow T R0bot- Thanks for reviewing and you are correct about the "ee" being used on soldiers but if you recall, I never once used the term doctor or nurse. I used medic or medical officer. In short, Jasumee IS a soldier. She is a medic, meaning she is sent into the field to help wounded soldiers and even has basic combat training. Still it was a good observation. Not many would've noticed that.

Dave- Good to hear you're loyal (Even if you won't leave a signed review). A few people quit on me.

Raze Bringer- Glad you like it. I can't wait for your next fic.

More plot development but you may be happy to know that I've finally managed to squeeze a little action into this fic. And now, without further adoâ€¦|

The Return of Zamamee and Yayap

Chapter 5

Two weeks had passed without incident. Zamamee had continued to receive regular examinations. He was pleased to learn that the horror show was a one time incident but his faith in the prophets was shaken when he learned that Jasumee had to argue with Mercy for almost an hour to bring about that result. Now it was just to make sure he wouldn't turn into a combat form in his sleep. Yayap was still ducking grunts and jackals alike. Apparently, being popular isn't what it's cracked up to be. At the moment, the two were at a briefing regarding new or improved vehicles and weapons. A gold armored elite stood near a large holo projector which at the moment was displaying a ghost.

"The ghost has received a number of enhancements. For starters, it has a much higher rate of fire and its new engine provides improved maneuverability. The engine also allows the operator to dump all power to thrust for an increase in speed. However, it reduces maneuverability and diverts power away from the weapons. Moving on," The projector displayed a banshee.

"The banshee has received the same engine and cannon enhancements as the ghost. It has also received a new fuel-rod cannon. The new system is more efficient and recharges much faster. Next," The projector displayed a wraith.

"The wraith has a similar engine enhancement which allows for a quick

burst of speed. It also has thicker armor as well as a pair of auto tracking plasma turrets for point defense and its mortar cannon has a higher rate of fire. Next we have the phantom." The projector displayed a craft Zamamee and Yayap had never seen before.

"This new drop ship is a major improvement over its predecessor. It has three powerful plasma turrets and a gravity lift. You'll all be happy to know that the phantom is due to completely replace the apparition." (A.N. I heard from a very reliable source that that's what the old dropsip is called.)

At this everyone gave a sigh of relief. The old drop ship was an effective craft and it did its job but it had one enormous flaw. The side panels, where the troops resided, used a safety restraint system. For some reason it had a delay that they could never quite iron out. Because of this glitch, there was a split second period where they were all sitting ducks. A weakness the humans had been all too happy to exploit. A gravity lift could drop them into battle in relative safety.

"I see you are all pleased about that, as am I. Now, reports have given us a great deal of information on a human vehicle called a warthog. Now I know most of you regard human technology as beneath notice but we have seen that this vehicle's design is surprisingly effective so we have created a vehicle based loosely on this design called a spectre." The projector displayed another new craft. "It has a rear mounted plasma turret. It also has two side seats so armed passengers can provide additional firepower. It has the same engine as the ghost and banshee so it can use the boost drive however, unlike its cousins, its turret uses an independent power supply. Next we have the shadow." The projector displayed what looked like a transport.

"As you may have guessed, this is a troop transport vehicle. It can carry ten individuals. One driver, one gunner, and eight passengers who can provide additional fire power. It also has a gravity winch which allows it to transport assault vehicles. Now, as previously stated, we have developed an appreciation for human technology. You should all be aware that we are physically capable of using human weapons and vehicles. And quite frankly, in combat, you should use whatever you can get your hands on. First, human vehicles. All human vehicles, with the exception of their aircraft and starships which use fusion drives, rely on internal combustion engines for mobility. Unlike our hover crafts, their vehicles are grounded making them very vulnerable to environmental hazards such as ice. Most human vehicles are armed and should not be taken lightly. Now, human weapons rely on the crude but effective concept of using compressed gas or explosive chemicals to fire projectiles at extremely high velocities. It should be noted that in all engagements with the Flood, our plasma weapons, with the exception of the energy sword, paled in comparison to the human's projectile weapons. Remember, never underestimate their technology. It can be surprisingly effective." He began unconsciously scratching a large scar on his shoulder where several years earlier a sniper round had almost blown his arm off.

"Now, we have made a number of enhancements to our own weapons. The plasma rifle has been given a new power supply that gives it a much higher rate of fire. I suppose I should mention that the brutes have developed a model of their own. The power core's energy has been raised to almost dangerous levels. This allows for a very high rate

of fire but it also overheats faster. Also, since they have officially joined our infantry, their most powerful weapon, the brute shot, has become available. It is a crude weapon that fires energy grenades and has a razor sharp bayonet. The needler has also been improved in that it has a more sophisticated targeting computer and is lighter and less cumbersome so you can actually use two at a time. Next, the fuel rod cannon has been vastly improved. It now has a clip which can hold up to five rounds. The shots are more powerful and the system is much more stable. So you needn't worry about it suddenly exploding." A number of them cringed. They had lost several soldiers from fuel rod overloads in the past. This new system was a relief to say the least. The elite then turned to a group of hunters. "Also, your model has a new feature. As well as the basic setting, it can be set to fire a concentrated beam of energy." The hunters began conversing in their native tongue. Zamamee couldn't understand them but he had a feeling they liked the idea. This was confirmed when a few began chuckling maliciously.

"Next up is the carbine. The carbine is a medium range weapon that uses energized particles to fire concentrated beams of energy. It has a x3 scope making it an excellent sniping weapon. And speaking of sniping, we also have the particle beam rifle. This weapon operates much like the carbine but on a much larger scale. The amount of energy in a rifle shot is comparable to six or seven carbine shots. Also, it has a x5 and x10 scope making it the ideal weapon for long range combat. Now, I think that's everything. Any questions...No? Then you are all dismissed." Zamamee and Yayap filed out. Zamamee couldn't suppress his delight. The Covenant had been all but invincible already. With these enhancements to their military, the humans wouldn't have a prayer. "Zuka 'Zamamee?" He turned to see the commander trying to get his attention. "Just wanted to let you know, the award ceremony will begin in an hour. Be ready."

"Ah yes. How could I forget?" It turns out that a number of soldiers from the campaign on Halo had earned enough merit (or skulls) to gain a promotion. And apparently, volunteering to hunt and destroy a demon was worth a great deal of prestige. "I will be there. Don't worry." The two bowed before the commander went back to prepare his next presentation. "Come Yayap."

"Yes sir."

Ten minutes later, Zamamee was in his quarters polishing his armor. 'I will accept this position with grace and honor but I will not have truly earned it until I see the demon tremble and fall before me. You may have beaten me once, human. But then you were up against a mere mortal. We shall see how you fare against a fellow demon.' He failed to suppress a malicious chuckle as he continued cleaning his armor.

Zamamee stood in a line with about forty soldiers who had also proven themselves worthy of ascension. The council chamber was filled to bursting with countless spectators who'd come to watch their kin in their moment of glory. Zamamee was pleased when he spotted Yayap near the middle of the crowd. However, his attention was soon drawn to the figure floating toward them. True to form, the Prophet of Truth was leading the ritual.

"Settle down. We shall begin the ceremony with the first canton of the Rite of Union." With that, every one in the chamber raised their

voices and spoke as one.

"So full of hate were our eyes that none of us could see,

Our war would yield countless dead but never victory.

So let us cast arms aside and like discard our wrath.

Thou, in faith, will keep us safe, whilst we find the path."

With that, the ceremony began.

"Zuka 'Zamamee! Step forward." Zamamee approached the hierarch and kneeled. "Zuka 'Zamamee. Because of you my brothers and I have been made aware of a very real and very dangerous threat to the fulfillment of our Covenant. This human has single handedly slaughtered thousands of our finest warriors. It was he who destroyed the sacred ring and our chance to begin the Great Journey. And who could forget his latest attack against our cause, the destruction of the Unyielding Hierophant and the subsequent decimation of 35 star fleets. Yet despite the danger, you took it upon yourself to track him down and face him. Such courage is worthy of celebration and reward. It is for this reason that we award you the title of Commander." With that, six engineers surrounded Zamamee. Contrary to the human belief, a Covenant warrior does not receive a new suit of armor when he or she is promoted. Rather, their old armor is enhanced and repainted. A simple task, thanks to the engineers. Zamamee remained on his knees as different pieces of his armor were removed, disassembled, enhanced, reassembled, repainted, and put back in place with lightning speed. It was about eight seconds before the engineers backed away. "Rise." Zamamee obeyed, revealing to all that he now wore the silver armor of a Spec. Ops Commander.

"I am honored to accept this burden. I shall carry out my new responsibilities to the best of my ability." With that, he bowed and returned to the line as the ceremony continued. Several grunts, jackals, and elites were awarded the rank of Major. A pair of Spec. Ops Troopers were even made Honor Guards. However, the final award came as a shock. An elite, wearing the blue armor of a Minor, stepped forward. Everyone assumed he would be made a Major. However, when the engineers retreated, they all saw that he wore the golden armor of a Commander and, according to the symbol on his back, a Field Master. Zamamee had heard of skipping a rank or two but this was unprecedented. His thoughts were interrupted when Truth stepped forward and relayed the reason for this ascension. It turns out that this particular elite had been involved in the assault on the human base. Shortly after the untimely demise of Field Master Putumee, which needless to say threw the ranks into chaos, this elite took charge and rallied the troops. Despite his low rank, the others followed his lead. Under his command, they actually gained some ground before the humans finally pushed them back. The elite bowed to Truth and returned to the line. Zamamee had a feeling he'd be seeing this elite again. The Prophet of Truth turned to the crowd.

"Behold! These individuals have shown what it truly is to bare the weight of our Covenant on their shoulders. They have shown valor, steadfastness, and undying loyalty to our cause. It is for that reason that they have received this honor. Now, I declare the ceremony concluded."

Yayap was just enjoying sometime in the methane chambers when he heard a knock. Donning his armor and life support, he left the chamber. He found Zamamee out in the hallway. "Hello, Zamamee. I like the new look."

"Thank you, Yayap. I actually wanted to speak to you about that."

"Huh? What is it?"

"I will be assuming command of a team of full-fledged Spec. Ops warriors. I'm afraid I can't have Majors on my team."

"Oh. Uhâ€¦Okay." Yayap hung his head dejectedly before Zamamee suddenly broke into a grin.

"Well we can't have that, can we?" At that, three engineers came into view.

"Uhâ€¦What is this?"

"Yayap. In our time together you have always acted with honor and distinction. You have displayed a courage that is rare in this universe. It is for that reason that you have been awarded the rank of Spec. Ops Trooper. Congratulations." Yayap could barely believe his ears. He was so shocked that he hardly noticed the engineers upgrading his armor. Spec. Ops was the highest ranking a grunt could receive. Very few actually did. When the engineers withdrew, Yayap was wearing the black armor of a Spec Ops grunt.

"This isâ€¦I don't know what to say!"

"You will be placed under my direct command. I expect only the best from you." Yayap stood shocked for a moment.

"Thank you Zamamee"

"No Yayap. You've really earned this." Yayap examined his armor another few seconds before his head shot up.

"Wait a minute. Then wasn't I in the ceremony?" Zamamee chuckled in response.

"You can thank your friend Anyaw for that. She told me about your situation and I realized a promotion wouldn't help you there. So I decided to get you a private ceremony." Yayap looked at him oddly for a moment. At the time he had still been a trooper. He knew the Spec. Ops were well respected but they didn't hold **that** much influence. Zamamee gauged Yayap's thoughts and clarified. "My brother's a councilor. I just asked him to pull a few strings. I imagine our next mission will be soon. Be ready."

"Yes sirâ€¦Commander!" With that, Zamamee left. Yayap contemplated his new position before chuckling. "I can't wait to take one of those Fuel-Rod guns for a spin."

Yayap was on his way to the mess hall. He'd decided a small celebration was in order considering his new position. He heard chatter around the corner and braced himself. As expected, there were several grunts around the corner. As soon as they saw him they all

started chattering amongst themselves. A few girls also started giggling. Yayap sighed and continued on his way. But his torture wasn't over yet. A group of jackals came into view and approached him. One with an orange shield, obviously their leader, stepped forward.

"Well, if it isn't our favorite gas-sucker!" Yayap was about to tell him to shove off when he got a better look at him. It took a few moments for his mind to pick up.

"Yeg?" He looked at the others and saw that it was the same pack of jackals he'd had to deal with on the Autumn.

"So you do remember us." He looked Yayap over. "Nice look. But the last time I saw you, you were wearing red."

"I got promoted."

"Really? Well that's odd. I don't remember seeing you at the ceremony." Yayap picked up the subtle accusation but kept his voice level.

"I had a private ceremony."

"Oh yeah. Someone said they saw Commander Zamamee heading for the methane chambers with a few engineers."

"Yeah. So!"

"Oh nothing." Yayap went around Yeg and continued on his way, grumbling. "I guess being his bitch has advantages." Yayap stopped in his tracks. He instantly went from annoyed to considering every possible way to kill a jackal. Judging by the grunts' sudden outrage, they shared the sentiment. He turned and faced the humanoid bird. If looks could kill, Yeg would have disintegrated.

"What did you say!"

"You heard me, Gas-sucker."

"For your information, Vulture, I EARNED this position!"

"Oh, I know. You must've had to kiss a lot of ass to get promoted."

"Take-That-back!"

"Oh just face it, Yayap. We all know what you are."

"And what am I!"

"You're a second-rate soldier who's sucking up any scraps Zamamee decides to throw you." Yayap stared at Yeg with hatred for a moment before speaking.

"That's what you think, huh?" he turned to the other jackals. "You all think I don't deserve this armor?" He approached Yeg and stared him down. "I challenge you to open combat. The loser must forfeit his rank! Do you accept?"

"Well, seems someone's grown a backbone. Very well, I accept." Yeg deactivated his shield and the two warriors backed a respectable distance from each other. Their comrades moved forward and formed a semi-circle around them. They took up fighting stances and stared one another down for a moment before they charged.

"Ahhh. Nothing like a plate of fresh mutak!" Rumo' Matumee was just leaving the mess hall. He, along with two Majors, had just finished celebrating his new position as Field Master.

"Indeed. Thank you for letting us join you. I never thought we'd be eating in the officer's wing."

"Yeah. Matumee, you have got to be the youngest Field Master in the history of the Covenant!"

"Please. Not you guys, too."

"Alright. Alright. We'll shut up. So, any plans?"

"Well, I should be getting back to my quarters. My mate and I have our own little celebration planned."

"HAHAHAHAHAHA! You are a beast Matumee!"

"On _and_ off the battle field!" The three continued like this for several minutes before they heard a commotion around the next corner. "What theâ€|?" They moved forward and saw a group of grunts and jackals making a racket. They soon saw why. A grunt and jackal were going at it. "Oh great. Let's break it up." He was about to run out before Matumee stopped him.

"Wait. Isn't that Zamamee's assistant?"

"Uh...Yeah. I think your right."

"Hold for now. Let's see what he can do."

Yayap dodged a kick and countered with a jab to the ribs. Yeg recovered and slammed his fist into Yayap's jaw. He stumbled for a moment giving Yeg time to run him into a wall. Yayap saw stars for a minute but recovered in time to see Yeg rear back. Yeg threw the punch but Yayap managed to grab his fist mid-punch and began squeezing. Yeg howled and tried to pry his hand free. Unfortunately for him however, his people's bodies were built for speed and agility. When it came to shear power, grunts won every time. Now that he had the advantage, Yayap slammed his free hand into Yeg's jaw, knocking out a few teeth. His next blow was to the stomach. Yeg fell to the ground clutching his gut in agony. Yayap took advantage of his weakened state by grabbing Yeg's throat and raising him off the ground. The next thing Yeg knew, he was being slammed into the wall over and over again. Once he was satisfied, Yayap held Yeg against the wall. The broken jackal waited for the killing blow, but it never came. Yayap hurled Yeg toward his comrades where he landed at their feet. One jackal, who he quickly recognized as Jak, ran to his leader's aid. Yayap turned to leave and did not see Jak brandish his plasma pistol. Yayap heard the familiar sound of a plasma bolt. He instinctively turned to face it but didn't have time to dodge. He closed his eyes waiting for the pain, but felt nothing. He opened his eyes and saw an elite in gold armor standing in front of him. His

shields were shimmering from the hit. Jak dropped his weapon in terror. He'd just shot a Field Master!

"ENOUGH! This battle is over. Take your wounded and begone!" The jackals, not about to argue with an enraged Commander, carefully lifted Yeg and carried him toward the medical center. Just before rounding the corner, Jak turned to look at the grunts.

"This isn't over!" Matumee turned toward Yayap. He and the other grunts trembled slightly. Fighting among the ranks was not exactly encouraged. He was visibly relieved however when the elite smiled and bowed to him. Yayap returned the gesture just as the other grunts ran to him and began congratulating him on his victory. This time Yayap accepted their praise. But as they led him away, he didn't notice an older grunt starring at him in almost religious reverence. Another grunt noticed it.

"Is something wrong, elder?" The old grunt didn't answer. He stared at Yayap a moment longer.

"The chosen one."

Ahhh. Finally finished. This is easily the longest chapter I have ever written. Period. Sorry if the fight wasn't that good. I'm better at doing gun-battles. Well, please read and review. As always, constructive criticism is welcome.

6. Chapter 6

Good people, I bring you more good stuff. Now for responses. A few people asked me about that "Chosen One" comment. Go to the Halo Library (web site) and look up Grunts. That will explain everything.

Dave- Don't worry. It'll be a cold day in Hell before I quit this one.

Infinity0000- Always happy to hear from you. Read and enjoy.

Hoboking- I know. If you think about it, they have to carry around those fifty pound packs on their backs and they sometimes lug around fuel rod cannons. Safe to say they are much stronger than most people give them credit for.

an REG Omega- Thanks for reviewing. And I am officially a fan of your own work.

ARBITER OF NIGHTMARES- Ditto. Thanks for reviewing.

million dollar man- Thanks for reviewing. In the next chapter they take on the Heretics. Fighting galore!

Crow T R0bot- Thanks for reviewing. I figured the Covenant must've improved their technology because it is blatantly obvious that the Covenant tech in Halo 2 is vastly superior to the Covenant tech in Halo: Combat Evolved. Also, in the level where you take on the Heretics, the commander says the Arbiter's armor wasn't as new as theirs. So they must've made some innovations over the

centuries.

Cpt.ShaneSchofield- Thanks for reviewing. Glad you like it. And I'm looking forward to the next chapter of Reclaimer.

Don113- Will do.

Sniperwithashotgun- I'm glad you like my fic. As for your question, just tell me what I can do. Always happy to help out a fellow author. As for your other question, scroll up.

The Lovesick One- Your wish is my command!

MyHumps- Thanks for reviewing. About your comment, in the book it just said that John used a pair of grenades against Zamamee. They never said what type of grenades. Also, when Zamamee fell it just said he heard something snap. That could've been his arm or one of his ribs. It didn't necessarily mean he broke his neck or his back. Also, it says that afterwards, he was waiting for his "first glimpse of paradise". If he'd broken his neck he probably would've died instantly. Still, it was a good observation. Always happy to see a new reader.

Sykotik Marine- Thanks for reviewing. I'm looking forward to more of Charlie Company. As for your question, be my guest.

Thanks again to all of my reviewers. From this point forward, this is more or less going to be Halo 2 from Zamamee and Yayap's perspectives. I may branch off into other POVs if I feel it is necessary. Also, I'd like to take this opportunity to recommend the works of Cpt.ShaneSchofield, Sykotik Marine, and an REG Omega. More plot development. But I can promise you that the next chapter will have the mindless carnage we Halo fans have come to expect. And now, I presentâ€¦

The Return of Zamamee and Yayap

Chapter 6

It had been six days since Yayap's battle with Yeg and he still couldn't believe the effect it had on the Covenant. Because of Yeg's defeat and Jak's dishonorable conduct afterwards, the Elites had developed a great deal of disdain for the Jackals. Also, Yayap's victory had earned him a great deal of prestige. Because of this, the Elites now held the Grunts in much higher regard. Also, the Hunters, who had always shared a sort of kinship with the Elites, followed suit on both counts.

However, while this had obvious benefits, there were some unexpected consequences. The Drones, who had always been on very good terms with the Jackals, gave them their full support. And a shock to everyone, including the Jackals themselves, came when the Brutes openly sympathized with them. Whether the feeling was genuine or if it was just to spite the Elites was unknown. Either way, the Covenant had essentially been split in two. And considering that there was a war on, it was not a good thing.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of someone entering the methane chamber. He watched the airlock finish the pressurization process before the door opened. It was Anyaw. She discarded her life

support and entered the living area.

"Hey, Anyaw."

"Hi, Yayap."

"So, has the madness finished spreading?" Because many Grunts had started following him around like lost puppies, Yayap relied on Anyaw to see what was going on in the outside world.

"No. And to be honest, I don't think it ever will."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I heard several of them talking."

"What were they saying?" Anyaw started to look uncomfortable.

"Okay, they said, and I know this is going to sound ridiculous."

"Just spit it out."

"They think you're the Promised One." Yayap just sat there, stunned. For a moment before he exploded.

"WHAT!" It was official. Yayap was actually pissed off now.

"I know, it's stupid. Uh...no offense."

"None taken. I can't believe they brought that stupid myth into this." Every Grunt had heard the story of the Chosen One at least once in their lives. It had actually been one of Yayap's favorites as a child. Before the Grunts were absorbed by the Covenant, they followed a religion based primarily on mysticism. After they were beaten by the Covenant, a Grunt Elder, one of the last followers of their old religion, claimed to have had a premonition. He said that one day; a great leader would be born from the Grunts and would lead them all to freedom on a methane rich paradise world. "This is getting out of hand."

"Now calm down, Yayap."

"Anyaw, don't you get it! If the Prophets hear that this nonsense has been started up again they'll turn me into a pin cushion!" He was referring to an incident that had happened several decades earlier. A Grunt named Korut had declared himself to be the chosen one and began a massive war to liberate his people. An incident which would come to be known simply as The Grunt Rebellion. Many thought he was insane but still many others chose to join him. It was a long and brutal war. And for a long time it looked like the Grunts could win. Korut was a brilliant military leader. Under his command, the Grunts had stopped the Covenant in its tracks and slowly started forcing it back. Victory and freedom were within their grasp. But then the Prophets decided that they'd had enough. They sent in their problem solver. The Arbiter.

The Grunt home world came under attack by the entire Covenant fleet. What ensued was the longest and bloodiest battle in the history of the entire Covenant. The battle lasted for hours. Thousands of troops

on both sides fought with guns and bombs and knives and even their own bare hands. And at the heart of it all, were Korut and the Arbiter, locked in mortal combat. In the end, Korut defeated the Arbiter, but his victory was a costly one. He was mortally wounded and died a few hours later. Without his leadership, the rebellion was crushed. Thousands were executed on the spot. And the Grunts were once again enslaved by the Covenant.

Yayap was pacing back and forth trying to wrap his mind around this latest turn of events. "We finally gain some respect in Covenant society and they want to throw it away by starting all this again?"

"Wellâ€¦to be honest, I think they have a point."

"What? Not you too! You're the only one who makes any sense!"

"YAYAP!" He quickly shut up. "Will you take a look around you? As you just said, we're practically free already. The second most influential species in the Covenant has declared us their brethren. We actually have a future now and it's all because of you!" Yayap considered that information for a moment. He was about to respond when his communicator went off.

"This is Zamamee. Yayap, do you read me?"

"Yes sir."

"Good. The trial is about to start. Meet me outside the Council Chamber."

"Sir! Yes sir!" He deactivated his comm. link and donned his life support. He was a little surprised to see Anyaw do the same. "You're coming?" She nodded and the two left the artificial atmosphere and made their way to the Council Chamber. When they arrived, the outer area was filled with spectators who had come to see the fate of the one on trial. The two walked up to the door where Zamamee was waiting.

"Come." They entered the main chamber and stood on the outskirts. They noticed a few others doing the same, including the Brute Chieftain, Tarturus and some of his subordinates. The path in the center was lined on both sides with Honor Guards. The stands were filled with Councilor Elites. The opposite stands were filled with Minor Prophets. On the far side of the room, the High Prophets of Truth, Mercy, and a hologram of Regret stood ready to lead the proceedings. And on the central podium was the accused. It was an Elite who wore the golden armor of a Commander, a Fleet Master to be more specific. The man accused of allowing Halo's destruction and the commanding officer of the Fleet of Particular Justice, Orna Fulsamee.

"Commander Fulsamee." The Elite looked up at Truth. "You are charged with gross incompetence in the line of duty which resulted in a crippling defeat of not only your those under your command but the entire Covenant as a whole. By all means you should be gutted where you stand! But, several members of your command crew, as well as a number of infantry units who survived Halo, stated that there were circumstances far beyond your control that brought about this

disaster. In light of that information, we offer you the chance to give your account of the events on Halo. If you can convince us you were not to blame for Halo's destruction, then you will be released with our apologies.

"I thank you, Holy Ones."

"You may begin."

"Ahem. My forces arrived in orbit around Halo after tracking the human filth through slip space."

"Exactly how large was the enemy fleet?" Fulsamee heaved a sigh. This wouldn't go over well.

"There was no fleet." The entire chamber looked at him oddly, awaiting an explanation. "There was only one ship." The Prophets stared at him incredulously.

"One? Are you sure?"

"Yes. They called itâ€¦_The Pillar of Autumn_." The entire chamber began discussing this new information but a few starred at Fulsamee like he'd just grown two heads. They all knew from reports that only one ship had landed on Halo but they'd assumed that it had slipped by in the middle of a massive space battle. A single piece of inferior technology had bested an entire war fleet? This continued before everyone was pulled from their thoughts by Mercy.

"Why was it not destroyed with the rest of their fleet!"

"It fled, as we set fire to their planet. But I followed with all the ships in my command." Regret spoke next.

"When you first saw Halo, were you blinded by its majesty?"

"Blinded?"

"Paralyzed? Dumbstruck!"

"NO!"

"Yet the humans were able to evade your ships, land on the sacred ring, and desecrate it with their filthy foot steps!"

"Noble Higherarches, surely you understand that once the parasite attackedâ€¦" Before he could continue, the stands erupted. Mercy bellowed in response.

"There will be order in this council!" He was quieted by Truth's extended arm.

"You were right to focus your attention on the Flood. But this Demon, this Master Chief?"

"By the time I learned the Demon's intentâ€¦" He hung his head in shame. "â€¦there was nothing I could do." The Minor Prophets exploded in outrage. The Councilors showed much more restraint but it was clear they were very disappointed in Fulsamee. Tarturus, who had been

paying very close attention, chuckled at the Elite's predicament. The hologram of Regret moved close to Truth and began whispering hurriedly.

"Noble Prophet of Truth, this has gone on long enough! Make an example of this bungler! The Council demands it!" Truth silently ordered him to stand down before addressing Fulsamee.

"You are one of our most treasured instruments. Long have you led your fleet with honor and distinction. But your inability to safeguard Halo was a colossal failure!" Suddenly one of the Minor Prophets stood up.

"Nay! It was heresy!" The stands erupted at this statement. Fulsamee looked back and forth between the two. He then looked to the Prophets and spoke in a last ditch effort to maintain his status.

"I will continue my campaign against the humans!"

"No! You will not." Truth turned to the Brute Chieftain and nodded. In response, Tarturus barked out an order in his people's native language to his two subordinates. They moved to detain Fulsamee who refused to let them touch him. He made his way out of the chamber flanked by the Brutes. "Soon the Great Journey shall begin. But when it does, the weight of your heresy will stay your feet and you shall be left behind." As soon as the door shut, Truth looked toward the stands. "These proceedings are closed." With that, everyone began filing out. Zamamee waited a moment before making his way to the door with Yayap and Anyaw close behind him. At the door to the outer area, they noticed an Elite was waiting for them.

"Jasume?" The wight armored Elite had been on her way to the chamber when Tarturus and his Brutes had marched out with Fulsamee. She knew she'd been a little late but she didn't think it would be over already. She turned toward the group approaching.

"Hi guys. Is it over?" Zamamee nodded his head.

"He is to receive the mark." Jasume nodded in understanding before they all walked to the outer area where thousands were hooting and cheering for the atrocity that was about to occur. They arrived just as Fulsamee was being fitted with energy manacles. The Elite tested his restraints as the Chieftain turned to him.

"You've drawn quite a crowd."

"If they came to hear me beg, they will be disappointed."

"Are you sure?" With that, the binders began glowing just before high grade plasma began coursing through his body. He instinctively began thrashing but he somehow managed to remain silent through it all. If he couldn't keep his honor, he would at least keep his pride. Zamamee silently wondered where he had developed the will to endure that sort of pain. Yayap cringed at the sight but his attention was soon drawn to a loud cheer. He looked over and saw a pair of Grunts who were, in his opinion, showing far too much enthusiasm. He was about to berate them but restrained himself. What was the point? Fulsamee's own family had forsaken him.

"How can they do this? It wasn't his fault!"

"It was his fault, Yayap." The Grunt looked up at his comrade. "You weren't privy to the commander's decisions so you couldn't know, but the moment we touched down on Halo, Fulsamee ordered massive archeological expeditions be carried out. Normally this would've been understandable given the ring's importance but under the circumstances it should've been a secondary venture. Fulsamee did not consider the humans to be a threat. That was what cost us Halo. If he'd had any sense, he would have sent every available soldier to wipe out the humans. Even the Demon would think twice before facing over twenty thousand heavily armed warriors." Just as Zamamee finished speaking, the plasma stream deactivated. Fulsamee slumped forward and began breathing heavily. His body was literally smoking. His once golden armor had been charred beyond recognition. Tarturus looked down at him with a sadistic grin before he turned to address the masses.

"Look at this pathetic fool! This slime, this diseased sack of filth, who is unfit to lick the dirt from our feet, is the one who allowed the sacred ring to be lost. Because of his incompetence, the humans succeeded in destroying Halo and costing us our one chance to begin the Great Journey! There can be no greater heresy! Let him be an example for all who would break our Covenant! His words were met roars of approval. He barked an order to his troops who began the process of removing Fulsamee's armor.

All Fulsamee could do was hang there and suffer this next indignity. Soon all that was left of his armor, the same armor he'd worn since the day he came of age, was his helmet. Tarturus moved forward and personally tore it from Fulsamee's head. It flew across the platform and landed with a clank. With his armor gone, Fulsamee knew what was next and braced himself. The nearby grav lift brought up a red hot iron which Tarturus took and approached Fulsamee. The Elite watched as the Chieftain readied the weapon and slammed it into his chest. Fulsamee lasted about four seconds before he let out a roar of agony and sorrow as the Mark of Shame was forever seared into his flesh. In the end, it was too much for him and he lost consciousness his last thought before the darkness took him was that there was nothing left they could do to him. As far as he was concerned, the moment the iron had touched his skin, his life was over.

Tarturus barked an order to his men and they took the unconscious Elite and went down the lift where they made their way to the detention block. Zamamee said a silent prayer for his former Commander before his comm. went off.

"Commander Zamamee, report to the briefing chamber."

"Roger. I'm on my way." He deactivated the device and turned to Yayap. "Come. We have a mission."

"Yes sir!"

When they arrived at the chamber, the rest of their squad was already assembled. Commander Matumee was standing next to the holo-projector in the center of the room.

"Take your seats and we will begin." They both took their places as Matumee cleared his Throat. "As some of you may already know, a large force of Elites and Grunts has been occupying a Forerunner facility

just inside Threshold's atmosphere for sometime now. They were dispatched there to gather as much Forerunner technology as possible. But something has gone wrong."

"Were they attacked?" Matumee turned to the trooper who had interrupted.

"I'm afraid things are a little more complicated than that." He activated the main projector and a holographic image of the mining facility was produced. At the current magnification, they could just make out people milling about. Matumee hit a switch and a spot on the north side of the facility was enhanced. One look and it was painfully clear that something was horribly wrong. The soldiers were wearing strange armor. The shape and color were both altered and they all seemed to be wearing body paint. Also, they seemed to be setting up weapon emplacements and had set up a number of make shift launch pads which were occupied by several Banshees. They too had been painted. In short, the facility had been turned into a fortress. "As you can see, they are preparing for war. Roughly two hours ago their leader, a former Ship Master named Mogar 'Kasumee, sent a message to the Prophets. He has declared war against the Covenant."

He allowed them to digest what they'd just heard. They began discussing this information amongst themselves. He also heard the word 'Heretics' muttered here and there.

"(Ahem) For now they are little more than a nuisance but they seem to be gaining support. At this rate we could have a full-scale rebellion on our hands. Your mission is to go in and neutralize them. Any questions? No? Alright. The Phantoms are being prepped right now so you should have about a minute."

He was interrupted by his communicator. He was going to ignore it before he recognized it as a priority signal. "(Sigh) One moment." He activated the device. "The is Commander Matumee. Yes. I'm in a briefing right now. Can't this wait?...Very well, what is it?" After a moment his eyes shot open. "You lie!" At this everyone watched the Field Master intently. "Are you sure...I warn you, if this is some kind of joke!! I see. Thank you." He deactivated the link and turned to address the Zamamee's squad. "It seems you will be getting some additional help on this mission. Zamamee looked at him oddly.

'Help?' His thoughts were interrupted by the door beeping and flashing just before it flew open. A figure walked in. It was an Elite but not just any Elite. The ceremonial armor was unmistakable. The figure was a being they had all heard of but also one they never thought they'd get the chance to see. The single most sacred position an Elite could receive. The Arbiter. Zamamee and his team were in awe. As the figure came closer, however. Zamamee got a better look at him. 'Fulsamee?' Matumee approached the Arbiter.

"I assume you've been briefed?"

"Yes. I am well aware of the situation."

"Very well. Now, as I was saying, the Phantoms are still being prepped so you should have about an hour. Dismissed."

Zamamee was in his quarters. He'd decided to meditate to prepare for

his mission. He took a deep breath and attempted to clear his mind but his thoughts kept drifting back to his unexpected ally in this endeavor. Fulsamee had become a walking contradiction. The entire Council, including the High Prophets themselves, had declared him a Heretic and a traitor. Then, barely ten minutes later, they turn around and award him the golden fleece of his entire race. It made absolutely no sense! For the first time in his life, Zamamee considered the possibility that the Prophets had gone mad. His thoughts were interrupted by a knock on his door. Deciding that he wasn't getting any where, he abandoned his attempts at meditation and went to open the door. Jasumee came in. She was breathing a little heavy like she'd been running.

"Zamamee, I need your help!"

"What's wrong?"

"Well, actually it might be nothing. I was told about your mission by one of my superiors." Zamamee looked at her oddly. Black Ops were usually kept on a need-to-know basis. "They told me something a little disturbing."

"Go on."

"I was told that a man named Kasumee was involved in the operation. Is that true?"

"Uhâ€¦yes. Do you know this man?"

"Yes. He's my brother." She didn't notice Zamamee suddenly stiffen. "I want to know why he's taking part in a Black Op. He's a Ship Master." Zamamee looked at her. His throat constricted as he tried to find the right words. This was going to be difficult.

"You might want to sit down, Mera." She complied and gave him her full attention. "(Sigh) My team and I have been assigned to infiltrate a Forerunner mining facility and eliminate a Heretic Cell. Their leader is a man named Mogar 'Kasumee.'" She stared at him blankly for a moment. She suddenly exploded.

"That's ridiculous! I don't believe you! My brother's one of the most devout followers I know!" Zamamee heaved a sigh as he removed a data chip from a compartment on his armor. He inserted it the holo projector on the north wall of his quarters. He pressed a few buttons and an Elite appeared. Jasumee stared in shock at the figure. Even with his strange armor and the slight distortion caused by holographic projection, she immediately recognized her brother.

"Our Prophets are false! Open your eyes, my brothers. They would use the faith of our forefathers to bring ruin to us all! The Great Journey is a lie. A farce! A fruitless campaign. Every thing we have fought and suffered for was a lie. No more! Join me, my brothers. Cast off your shackles. And together, we will destroy the Prophets!" His words were met with a roar of approval. He looked around with a satisfied expression before the recording ended.

Jasumee just stared in shock before she shot to her feet.

"If you'll excuse me," Her voice was cracking and she seemed to be fighting tears, "I think need to be alone." She ran out of the room.

Zamamee heaved a sigh. He silently wondered what supreme being would condone such tragic irony.

Yayap, meanwhile, was back in the methane chamber with the rest of the squad's Grunts. He was digesting the fact that he was about to take part in his first official black op. The business with the Demon had been classified as a vendetta. It was that thought that made him realize how far he'd come. The missions Spec. Ops soldiers were sent on were often considered to be suicidal. A month earlier he probably would have wet himself, yet he was perfectly calm. He took a moment to observe his fellows and was surprised to see that they weren't just unafraid, they seemed excited. One suddenly ran up to him and gave a friendly slap on the back.

"Those Heretics are gonna wish they'd never been born! Right, Boss?"

Yayap looked at him oddly. 'Boss?' Before he could question the other Grunt's choice of words, his comm. went off. "Yes?"

"Yayap, it's time."

"Understood, Commander." He signaled to the others who quickly donned their life support and battle gear before they left the chamber.

Zamamee and Fulsamee were in the main hangar going over the last few preparations when a familiar medic approached them. "Zamamee, I have a request."

"Jasumee, I have no choice in this matter."

"I know, I don't want you to go against the Prophets, but there is one thing you can do for me."

"What is it?"

"Let Kasumee die with a weapon in his hands. Let my brother keep his honor, that's all I'm asking! Please?" The Commander and the Arbiter looked at each other for a moment before they turned to her and nodded in unison.

"Every soldier deserves a final battle. I will see to it he receives a warrior's death. And may the Forerunners have mercy on him."

"Thank you." With that, she left. Zamamee silently thanked the gods that the Prophets had decided to keep this incident quiet, otherwise Jasumee and her entire family would've suffered for this.

His thoughts were interrupted by the Phantoms roaring to life. The gravity lifts activated and he and the rest of his team were brought on board.

Okay, I'm gonna stop this here. I hope you all enjoyed. And sorry for the delay. I'll try to get the next one up sooner. In the next chapter, I was considering doing a few parts from the Arbiter's perspective. Should I? On one last note, there is a small reference to another FPS in this chapter. If anyone spots it, I'll give them the next chapter a week early. Well, that's all. Please R+R.

End
file.